



## Sunburned Hair How To Treat It

Sunburned hair is quite as unlovely as that which is mottled due to the sudden lack of ambition of the dyer and the bleacher.

But sunburned hair is not so serious a matter, nor so difficult a one to remedy. The woman who is out in the sun much and whose hair is apt to become burned should not let it become too dry. She should wash it as infrequently as possible, keeping it clean by careful brushing and



washing her brush every day. The dryer hair is the more easily it sunburns.

When faded parts begin to show a good treatment for it is to put it all over with a solution of two teaspoonfuls of glycerine to one pint of water.

An unguent rubbed gently into the scalp is also a good preventive for sunburn. This may be nothing more than a good quality of vaseline. In applying it part the hair and then apply to the scalp which is visible. Care should be taken to prevent the unguent setting on the hair itself.

It will not injure it, but will produce an oily look.

### COAT AND FROCK.

The black satin frock with a box coat of the same material is favored for wear by many women who start the idle hours after the luncheon hour. Sometimes the upper parts of the frock are built of georgette crepe, canton or Chinese embroidery.

### MAHOGANY.

A cork dipped in a mixture of equal parts of oxalic acid and water and then rubbed over the stains on a mahogany piano will remove them. When the stains have disappeared, wash the wood well with clear water and polish as usual.

### Clothes Will Identify

You in Convention Hall  
States Woman Organizer

You've probably been jealous more than once of Sally, whom every one remembered at the convention.

Oh yes, they all knew Sally—that girl over there in the blue dress with the Roman neck. The national president beamed on Sally and called her by name. And whenever any one sent a note to Sally, the page knew exactly who to take it to.

As for yourself—you were miffed at the pace and the national president and felt like quarreling with yourself because no one ever remembered you at a convention. You



examined your face and wondered what was the trouble with it.

But it isn't anything wrong with your face or the page or the national president.

Take a tip from Mrs. Elizabeth Sears of New York—wear the same dress and hat all through the convention!

"The successful woman convention," says Mrs. Sears, editor of the business woman's magazine and a much-conventioned woman, "wears the same dress and hat throughout the entire meeting. Then every one knows her."

"She owes that to herself and to the folk who are going to want to find her. Don't you always say that woman in the white dress and green hat? Then suppose she changes to a blue dress and a black hat!"

### FOR WINDOWS.

If you would polish your windows, use a mixture of powdered washing soda and liquid ammonia. Put a little of the mixture on a cloth and polish. The result will be very bright windows.

How we women flatter ourselves! Oh well, if we didn't flatter ourselves in these prosaic days, who would?

## Paducah, Kentucky Has Unusual Community of Women Executives



Mrs. Henry Reynolds, upper left; Miss Rebecca Smith, upper right; Miss Anna Baker, lower left; Mrs. Roy McKinney, lower right.

PADUCAH, Ky., July 30.—Broadway, in this town of wide shady lawns and hospitable homes, is a street of presidents—woman presidents. Two national presidents live in the same yard, a state president lives next door and another state president lives within a stone's throw.

This president business began, oh—a number of years ago! It was when Rebecca Washington Smith was seven years old that she stripped her bank of pennies and sent a telegram of good wishes to her aunt, Mrs. Roy McKimney, who had just been elected president of the Kentucky United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"I'll be president of something some day," she said gravely.

Of course she had to live up to

## Revelations of A Wife by ADELE GARRISON

As the door of the hotel bedroom closed after us I wondered uneasily just what attitude Dicky meant to assume.

Despite his apparent nonchalance, I knew that he must be inwardly angry at my triumph in the matter of going north against his wishes. That the anger he would ordinarily have felt against Maj. Grantland for being anywhere within speaking distance of me had been banished by the officer's action in sending word of my whereabouts to him, I knew by his cordiality toward the army officer in the hotel restaurant. But I could not believe that he was good-humored enough to keep from some caustic comment on the whole episode, and I nerved myself to take without retort whatever he might have to say.

He said nothing for several seconds, during which I took a sweater from my suitcase, placed it beside my heavy coat, and began to fold my traveling suit so that it might not be creased during the drive to Cedar Crest.

"Want this suitcase strapped again?" he asked curtly.

"If you please," I returned, equally laconic.

He strapped it, and I put the last things into my bag, then prowled around the room, as is always my custom when leaving a place, to see that I have packed everything. As I came back to the bag, preparatory to locking it, I saw that Dicky was gazing at me, the dancing, impish look still in his eyes, but I fancied that it was malicious instead of mischievous, and I knew it when he spoke.

"Well, Faithful Fido has his uses, after all," he drawled.

It took all of my resolution to keep the promise I had just made myself. But though I was able to keep my words back, I could not help the resentful flush which spread over my face. Still, without a word, I locked my suitcase, put the key in the beaded purse I carried, and, taking my suit over one arm, my heavy coat over the other, I started for the door.

"Does it hurt his little feelings to have drate big man called names?" Dicky tantalized, and I noticed that his voice was a trifle sharper than before. "Well, we won't do anything like that again. We'll only knock his block off if he butts in many more times around these diggings!"

There was a distinct edge to his voice now, and I realized that my silence was infuriating him more than caustic words could have done. So cast about for the quickest way of placating him. I felt very much the doormat wife as I pondered, but it wasn't exactly a Patient Griselda method which I finally used.

With a quick movement I put my cloak and suit down on a chair, flew to the door, locked it, and thrust the key in my dress. Then, marching up to my husband, I grasped him by both ears, and bent his head toward mine so that I looked him squarely in the eyes.

"What the devil—" Dicky began. "The devil, indeed," I said. "I warn you that I'm a desperate

to be interchangeable parts of the same body. One felt as if the mechanism were something living, comprehending and responding to every slightest touch of its master.

On and on we went, past peach orchards, freshly planted cotton fields, through stretches of woodland, into the lighted streets of a village and out again, until at last we flashed through Cedar Crest, slowed down at Mrs. Lukens' driveway, and stopped before the door of our cottage.

"Now, if you'll show us where your trunks are," Maj. Grantland said briskly, "we'll get them out on the veranda. If they're steamers we can pile them in here, but anything larger I can get a man for at the station. And I'll see that they're checked through for you while you're picking up."

"Thanks, awfully, old man. They're all strapped up and in the hall, both Madge's and mine. But I hate to have you—"

"Suppose you let me worry about that," Maj. Grantland retorted quietly, "and you devote your attention to getting ready as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately we have to plan as if the train were going to

be on time, although the chances are all in favor of its being very late. No," as we entered the hall, and Dicky attempted to help with the trunks. "Go on. We'll take care of these. Ah, Mrs. Graham! You see I've brought back your family, but only for a few minutes."

He bowed ceremoniously to Mother Graham, who had come into the hall, the picture of blank astonishment. Her eyes caught mine questioningly. I tried to reassure her with a glance, and evidently comprehended it, for his eyes twinkled as he swept us both into the little sitting room and closed the door. He evidently shared my intuition that Maj. Grantland would rather have us out of the way.

"Now I see how it was Madge got away so easily this morning," Dicky announced mischievously. "Mother, you old schemer, I'm ashamed of you!"

"What does this mean?" his mother demanded, addressing me, and ignoring his son. But he forestalled my answer.

"It means that I found the recreant lady, but just as I was about to string her up by her thumbs, the

strike was declared off, and we're both going north on this next train," he said. "Now I'm going to pick up my traps, and Madge is going to change her dress. You'd better help her, mother."

But as I knew it would be, it was not I whom Mother Graham helped. We exchanged a humorous glance of comprehension at his offer, for we both knew what the next few minutes would be.

I never worked faster in my life than I did in exchanging the gown in which I had dined with Maj. Grantland for my traveling suit. Before I had finished, Dicky was calling frantic appeals for the whereabouts of his things to both his mother and me. And as soon as I had put all my own things where they could be put into the car at a second's notice I went to the sun parlor in which Dicky was rampaging around.

Then I flew down the hall to the room where Junior lay asleep, hung over his crib in the same agony of apprehension which I had felt in the afternoon, and turned to find my father standing behind me.

"I know, daughter," he said, seeing my wet eyes. Then he drew me

into his arms. "I confess I wish I were going with you," he said a bit anxiously, and I suddenly realized that even as I was worrying over leaving my baby he was filled with anxiety over my trip north without him.

## Jack Horner Pie Affair For Bride

If it is to be a miscellaneous shower, why not let a Jack Horner pie be the gift container?

Nothing could be lovelier than a yellow color scheme for the late summer party. Thus, for the Jack Horner pie, use yellow crepe paper concealing—probably the biggest dish pan you can muster! This to hold the gifts which may be quite bulky.

A very effective idea is that of having brown-eyed Susans blooming from the pie. Pierce the crepe paper with the stems, letting each flower stand alone. Flowers blooming from a pie are a bit unusual, but they add much to the decorative effect.

If the luncheon you serve is to be something light, a good basis for it is chicken salad. Three four-pound chickens will make enough salad so that each of 20 guests could have generous portions.

To eliminate as much work as possible on the day of the party, cook the chickens the day before. Remove the meat from the bones, remove the skin and cut into cubes. Then wrap in a clean tea towel, put in a bowl and place in the ice box. The celery too may be cut and wrapped the day before, thus leaving only the mixing for the day of the party.

### FOR FRUIT JUICES.

Add one cup of sugar to one quart of boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring for 10 minutes. Cool and put in bottles. This syrup can be used with such fruit juices as orange, lemon, and so on.

What a man thinks nowadays, as he gazes into a pretty girl's eyes is not "Can I make love to her?" but "Do I have to?"

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